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PICCA-
DILLY
BOOK-
MEN

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FROM

The publisher.

13 Nov., 1893.





PICCADILLY BOOKMEN



JOHN HATCHARD.
(1768—1849.)

PICCADILLY BOOKMEN:
MEMORIALS OF THE
HOUSE OF HATCHARD
BY ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS



LONDON
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY. 1873



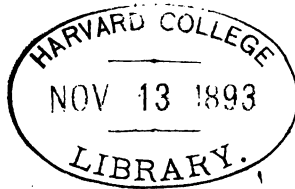
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BY ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY
HATCHARDS, PICCADILLY. 1893

~~VV. 2967~~

B66381



The Publisher,

TO

EDWIN SHEPHERD,

AN EXCELLENT FELLOW

WHO FOR FORTY YEARS HAS BEEN FAITHFULLY AND

GRACEFULLY CONNECTED WITH 187 PICCADILLY

AND

WITH WHOM IT IS MY FORTUNATE LOT TO BE ALLIED

IN CARRYING ON THE BUSINESS COMMENCED

BY

JOHN HATCHARD.

PREFACE.

IF the Bookseller were not such a dull dog, or at any rate, had not the reputation for being such a Dryasdust, he might sometimes venture into print without fear of being called a vulgar fraction. But the reminiscences of the Bookseller are generally reserved for his garrulous friends to whom he unburdens himself in the intervals, when he is not harassed by the bargain hunter, or the cares of watching the outside stall. He thinks the world of books the only world worth living in, and like the character of the happy man — with a variation of Dyer's line,—

' His shop to him a kingdom is.'

Therein he is content, his conversation is of books and abounds in 'barn-door flights of learning.' He is placid and stoical. The keynotes of his philosophy rest upon a love

of books and the men who buy them. He is seldom rich, but, for some unknown reason, is much envied.

In the following pages an attempt has been made to write the Memorials of a place which it is not presumptuous to call a social rendezvous. Before the days of Clubs the booksellers' shops were used as such. Hatchard's was one. If John Hatchard had written his autobiography complete, it might have further preserved his name and that of many others whom he knew. It was worth doing, but he was too modest. All he left behind were the few autobiographical fragments which I have included. The remainder of the book is compiled from a great variety of sources, including the reminiscences of those who remember his personality, habits, &c. I must very gratefully thank Mrs. Hudson for the loan of papers and books which belonged to her grandfather, John Hatchard.

A. L. H.

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MEMORIALS
OF THE
HOUSE OF HATCHARD

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE Snuffy Davy of the future, standing before his favourite stall in tattered coat and baggy trousers, will ransack the penny or twopenny box, the wood for which is yet a sapling, and find a small octavo pamphlet, stitched, but without covers, entitled, '*Reform or Ruin : Take your Choice !*' By John Bowdler, Esq. London : Printed for John Hatchard, No. 173 Piccadilly. 1797.' The snuffy one will carefully examine the pamphlet to see that it contains the dedication to the Archbishop of Canterbury (known only to bibliographers and snuffy ones) and then attach it to his ever-increasing collection of tracts re-

lating to that most remote but attractive period—the Eighteenth Century.

The pamphlet now rarely finds a purchaser, for the author's name sounds no more interesting than the patronymics Barlow or Blifil, and there is a note of frenzy detected in the title which none but an enthusiast would betray. Yet this little booklet is written in a forcible style to point out the evils of the last *fin-de-siècle* period.

The author, John Bowdler, the father of a more notorious Thomas Bowdler, succeeded in circulating a phenomenal number of *Reform or Ruin* in the years 1797–8, and, as far as we can now gather, John Hatchard, as the publisher, reaped a good harvest long before Mr. Walter Besant commenced his campaign against Barabbas. At any rate, Hatchard, who had recently established himself in Piccadilly as a publisher and bookseller, found this to be his lucky hit.

The whole purpose of the pamphlet was towards a superlative degree of respectability. Its tone was quite 'of the centre,' and, if John Bowdler had been a curate, he might at a later period in his career have founded a Bishopric. But 'those whom the gods love die early,' says the 'Delectus' (or the key thereunto); and though great things were expected of J. B., he joined the majority, leaving a son, Thomas, to carry on the good work of being himself eminently respectable, and making all around him of his own way of thinking.

With what faithfulness Thomas fulfilled his father's wishes we see in his famous mutilated *Shakespeare*, and the melancholy precedent set up thereby for a successive legion of Bowdlerisers.

It is interesting for present purposes that some of the early account books and miscellaneous papers of Hatchard the First have been preserved. These papers go

back to the school sum - book of John Hatchard, dated 1780, on the blank unused pages of which he has, at a much later period, and after the manner of 'paper-sparing' Pope, entered several interesting little biographical details. Much else that bears upon incidents in the life of John Hatchard, and the character of the shop which he conducted, may be learnt by reading between the lines of his early Ledger. From this, and some other stray papers, I shall give extracts and make notes.

The sum-book and manuscript multiplication-table book were preserved for private memoranda for about sixty years, and on the last few pages of this, a plain penny or twopenny exercise-book, he entered, at what date we are not sure, but with apparent full cognisance of his power to move forwards, some autobiographical notes expressing a probability that such details would be required after

his decease. That he possessed the essentials for success may be well understood when I say that when he commenced business in 1797 he had only five pounds of his own, but in 1849 he died worth nearly a hundred thousand.

The memorandum referred to, the first part of which is written in a youthful hand, and probably at an earlier period than the last, is as follows :—

‘John Hatchard was born between twelve and one o’clock in the morning, October the 17th, 1768. Admitted into the Grey Coat Hospital, March the 26th, 1776. Went on trial to Mr. Bensley, Printer, of Swan Yard, Strand, January the 7th. Not liking the trade, came away January 28th, 1782. Went on trial to Mr. Ginger June the 17th, 1782, and was bound September 18th, 1782. Was bound to Mr. Clarke, Dyer, October 17th, 1782, at Dyer’s Hall, Great Elbow Lane, Dowgate Hill, to be a Freeman of the City of London. . . .

‘Apprenticeship expired October 18th, 1789, which was served duly and truly, and on the 19th my friends congratulated me (at my father’s expense; a good supper and flowing bowl of

punch, with some good songs, toasts, and sentiments). On the 26th day of the same month was situated as shopman with Mr. Payne, Bookseller, Mews Gate, Castle Street, St. Martins. On the 2nd day of December, 1789, I took up my freedom at the expense of my father, which cost about five pounds. The 11th day of July, 1790, was married to Elizabeth Lambert (daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth) of the parish of St. John the Evangelist, at which church the celebration was perform'd by the Rev. Mr. Scott the curate on a Sunday morning, and now, having come to man's estate, I have only to hope for the blessing of God, long life, health, prosperity, and happiness. . . .

'I quitted the service of Mr. Thomas Payne 30th of June, 1797, and commenced business for myself at No. 173 Piccadilly, where, thank God, things went on very well, till, my friends desiring me to take a larger shop, I then did so, I think June 1801, at No. 190 in the same street, by purchasing the lease for twenty-four years for a thousand guineas, half paid at the time, and the other half at two years from Midsummer, 1801, when I hope and trust to find and realise great benefit from the same in due time.

'N.B.—When I commenced business I had of my own a property less than five pounds,

but God blessed my industry, and good men encouraged it.

'Dates of Engagements.'

'With Mr. Ginger, apprentice, seven years and four months.

'With Mr. Payne, shopman, seven years and eight months.

'In business for myself, from June 30, 1797, to 1839, forty-two years.'

Here, then, in Hatchard's own words, is a fragment of autobiography which I purpose to add to from a variety of sources, and continue the narrative of the firm he founded down to more recent times, indicating how a business, almost unique in character, has been carried on, and the support which very many distinguished people have granted to it in the past, and the many more who do the same at the present day.

The first statement of interest which we hear of in connexion with young Hatchard is his going in 1782 'on trial to Mr. Bensley,' who was a famous printer

then occupying a court off the Strand, but who later moved to Bolt Court, the premises just vacated by the genius of Fleet Street, Dr. Johnson. At the time when young Hatchard went on trial to Bensley, Dr. Johnson was living at 8 Bolt Court (since destroyed by fire).

Hatchard does not seem to have attached himself to Bensley, for he only remained three weeks when Mr. Ginger, a Bookseller and Publisher, took him as apprentice. Ginger kept a shop in Great College Street, Westminster, and was, in all probability, a friend of Hatchard's father, the families being neighbours in the old-fashioned district of Westminster Abbey. Ginger having found a vacancy in his limited establishment for Hatchard, he was apprenticed, and served for a period of seven years until 1789. His employer, from all that can now be gathered of him, was a worthy man, and had a good connexion with Westminster

School and the Royal Society, and it was at this place that young Hatchard first began a series of acquaintances which so much assisted his business in later years. At the expiration of his term with Ginger, Hatchard had probably gained experience and knowledge sufficient to please his proud father, who, thinking apparently that his son had outgrown the limits of Mr. Ginger's establishment, and that he was fitted for something better, he, on the day after his term with Ginger had expired, goes to the expense of 'a good supper and flowing bowl of punch, with some good songs, toasts, and sentiments.'*

The best experience was now in store for young Hatchard, for a few days after this supper and merrymaking he goes as shopman to Tom Payne, the famous bookseller of Mews Gate.

* This is the only occasion, as far as recorded in John Hatchard's life, when he gave way to right merry jollity. He was too industrious to ever give much time to amusements.

Thomas Payne, who, by the way, must not be confused with Paine the Atheist, had commenced business in the early part of the Eighteenth Century in an obscure place called Round Court near the Strand, from thence he moved about 1755 to the place now known only by name as Mews Gate, and which was contingent upon the King's Mews, a site now occupied by the National Gallery. It is said that it was Tom Payne's idea first to issue and circulate second-hand Catalogues, for whereas Sales of Books by Auction had taken place much earlier, the Sales of books by the private circulation of Catalogues had never been properly worked before Payne's time. If this be so, the book-collecting world should annually meet and drink to the health of 'Honest Tom Payne,' who must have been the means of bringing much happiness to the many enthusiastic book-collectors of that day.

We are told that the shop was in the

shape of the letter L, and was the first that obtained the name and reputation of being a Literary Coffee House and Book-seller's combined. No print of the place exists, but it must be pictured as a place sombre and gloomy as to its exterior, its interior known only to the illustrious *literati* of the day, who cracked their jokes and gave way to infinite merriment in the retiring-room of their host, just as one reads of erudite members of the Roxburghe Club, who 'met joyfully, dined comfortably, challenged eagerly, tippled prettily, divided regretfully, and paid the bill most cheerfully.'

Here, at Tom Payne's, there met Beloe, Cracherode, and the many other bibliophiles and scholars of the period.

The value of the experiences gained by young Hatchard at Payne's shop can hardly be over-estimated. Here he was brought in connexion with the best book-buyers in a great book-collecting period. His gracious and willing manner brought

him all the friends he required, and in his laudable desire to get on he was encouraged all round. A little further on, in saying something of the booksellers of a past day, I shall refer again to Payne's shop, when it will be seen what an important place it was at the close of the last century.

During the time that Hatchard remained at the Mews Gate he lived close by at Monmouth Court, Whitcomb Street, forming associations both in and out of business. To one of the latter it was that he owed the principal financial assistance essential to enable him to make a start, with further loans 'from J. Penn, Esq., Henry Hoare, Esq., and others.'

In the memorandum-book he enters, under date July 1st, 1797:

'Took a shop lately occupied by Mr. White, 173 Piccadilly, subject to pay 31*l.* 10*s.* goodwill and 40*l.* per annum.'

Then follow the names of other benefactors, and a note which points to an

unusual amount of good feeling existing between his former employer and himself:

‘Mr. Payne’s civility very great.’

So far I have traced the progress of Hatchard from his commencement at Bensley’s to the proud day when he fixed his name over a door in the finest street in London; confident in his own qualifications for success, and with good training from excellent masters, he had little to fear, for he had a line of his own to take, and throughout his career he doggedly stuck to that particular line, and quickly gathered round him a very wealthy *clientèle*. I shall now give some few facts as to the other bookshops of the period, with some special reference to those with which John Hatchard, then aged twenty-nine, was brought in contact.

THE BOOKSELLERS OF A PAST DAY.

BUT I have hardly done justice to the memory of Thomas Payne. Much scattered material exists for use, and Payne seems to repay a little research. He was the forerunner of Thorpe and Rodd, two of the greatest booksellers this century has seen in London, but these, too, are also forgotten. There were, indeed, giants in those days for book distribution such as we have not among us now.

‘The few old fellows,’ says Beloe, ‘that are yet left chuckle at the recollection of the numerous and cheerful meetings which used to take place at Honest Tom Payne’s at the Mews Gate, and at Peter Elmsley’s in the Strand. In these places of resort, at a certain period of the after-

noon, a wandering scholar in search of *pabulum* might be almost certain of meeting Cracherode, George Steevens, Malone, Windham, Lord Stormont, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Spencer, Porson, Burney, King of Mansfield Street, Townley, Colonel Stanley, and various other bookish men.'

Payne's was the great resort of the princely buyers of books. Of 'Honest Tom' we are told that he was 'warm in his friendships as in his politics, a convivial cheerful companion, and unalterable in the cut and colour of his coat, he uniformly pursued one object, fair dealing!' No doubt John Hatchard was proud to be the right hand man of such an one, and to render service as well to the distinguished men who met day after day. All this was long before the Athenæum Club was founded, and when the Coffee House, as known to us through Dryden and Addison, had fallen out of vogue or into thorough disrepute,

then the bookshop as a centre of intelligence was used as the literary man's club. Mathias in his *Pursuits of Literature* says :

'Or must I as a wit with learned air
Like Doctor Dewlap to Tom Payne's repair,
Meet Cyrill Jackson and mild Cracherode,
'Mid literary gods myself a god?'

* * * * *

'Hold!' cries Tom Payne, 'that margin let me measure.

And rate the separate value of the treasure ;
Eager they gaze—well, sir, the feat is done,
Cracherode's *Poetae Principes* have won.'

Here there is a picture of the *savants* of the last decade of the last century as they met at the Mews Gate with all the airs peculiar to men of learning. In his notes in the passage quoted above Mathias is anxious to make clear that though Dr. Dewlap stands for 'any portly divine,' the reader will supply one to his fancy. Cyrill Jackson is the Dean of Christchurch, exemplary for his diligence and learning. Cracherode is the Reverend Clayton Mor-

daunt Cracherode, a wealthy parson, and the owner of a very choice library of Classical books, famous for their wide margins and excellent preservation, and now lodged in the British Museum. Cracherode must be regarded as one of the most truly great book collectors, and one of the most ardent that the clerical profession has ever claimed, which is saying a good deal, for the clergy have ever been good bookmen. Cracherode's tastes lay in the direction of Books, Medals, Prints, and Drawings. In the letters of Samuel Denne, the writer says of Cracherode, 'Whilst I resided at Vauxhall, above forty years ago, I have often seen him at Tom Payne's literary coffee-house. . . . He was a rich man and a mature scholar. His passion for collecting was strong even in death; and whilst he was in his last extremity Thane was buying prints for him at Richardson's. . . . In his final visit to Payne's shop he put an Edinburgh *Terence* into one pocket and a large

Cebes into the other, and expressed an earnest desire to carry away *Triveti Annales*, and Henry Stevens *Pindar* in old binding.'

John Hatchard's good friend and employer died February 2, 1799, at the mature age of fourscore and two more. His epitaph by his son and successor shall be put down here, so that everything may be done to keep the memory green of good old honest Tom Payne :

'Around this tomb ye friends of learning bend !
It holds your faithful, though your humble friend !
Here lies the literary merchant Payne,
The countless volumes that he sold contain
No name by liberal commerce more carest
For virtue that became her votary's breast.
Of cheerful probity, and kindly, plain,
He felt no wish for disingenuous gain ;
In manners frank, in manly spirit high,
Alert good nature sparkled in his eye ;
Not learned, he yet had learning's power to please,
Her social sweetness, her domestic ease.
A son, whom his example guides and cheers,
Thus guards the halo'd dust his heart reveres ;
Love bade him thus a due memorial raise,
And friendly justice penned this genuine praise.'

Beloe points out that there was, in his day, a ready disposition among literary men to interchange communications which may be mutually useful, to accommodate one another with the loan of books, to point out sources of information, and carry on a pleasant, friendly, and profitable commerce. He then adds that the best means of cementing literary friendship occurs in the shape of eminent booksellers, and to prove this there are abundant facts. Michael Johnson, the father of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, was one of the early types of this class of bookseller. He worthily maintained and carried on his business in a provincial town, and made his place a resort and lounge for all who cared for literature in the Cathedral town of Lichfield.

By some it will be remembered that the first meeting of Boswell with Johnson occurred in Tom Davies' bookshop in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Here Johnson is reported to have talked much, and some-

times, in moments of apparent abstraction, would ejaculate some pious sentence. It appears that Mrs. Davies was a very pretty woman, as Churchill had said, 'that Davies hath a very pretty wife.' And Johnson, muttering to himself, 'lead us not into temptation,' used, with waggish and gallant humour, to whisper to Mrs. Davies, 'You, my dear, are the cause of all this.'

Johnson's experiences of Booksellers were very varied. He had not quite the same opinion of Osborne that he had of Davies. But probably poor Osborne could not afford the extravagance of a pretty wife like Tom Davies. The story is well known how, when Johnson was earning the most miserable pittance as a Cataloguer for Osborne, he fell out with his employer, and, knocking him down with a folio, called him a blockhead. 'Sir, he was impertinent to me, and I beat him,' was the Doctor's version of the story afterwards.

In Pall Mall, No. 51 (nearly opposite

Marlborough House) late in the Eighteenth Century, Robert Dodsley kept his shop, called 'The Tully's Head.' Here, too, would meet Johnson and Burke, Young and Aken-side, Walpole, Warton, and others.

Boswell, good friend to the booksellers, speaks of 'my worthy friends and book-sellers, Messrs. Dilly, in the Poultry, at whose hospitable and well-covered table I have seen a greater number of literary men than at any other except that of Sir Joshua Reynolds.'

Scott first met Byron in Murray's rooms at Albemarle Street, and Gibbon first met Porson at Peter Elmsley's in the Strand.

When John Hatchard set up in Piccadilly in 1797 he had several competitors, though none that touched quite the nature of his business. Debrett had succeeded Almon, and Wright and Ridgway were close by. At Wright's shop, which was almost next door to Hatchard's, there occurred the famous encounter between Gifford and Wolcot.

Gifford, the editor of the *Anti-Jacobin*, wrote an *Epistle to Peter Pindar*, ending with the lines :

‘Thou can’st not think, nor have I power to tell,
How much I scorn and loathe thee, so farewell.’

Wolcot, greatly incensed at a form of insult which he himself largely practised, waited for his libeller near Wright’s shop, and, seeing him enter, struck him on the head with a stick. A scene ensued which has become a matter of history. How Wolcot was pitched into the gutter has been well told by Mr. Wheatley and others before him.

Wright’s shop was at 169, and was a Political house. It was here that the *Anti-Jacobin* newspaper first appeared, and the *Intercepted Letters* of Bonaparte were first published. Hatchard’s ledger entries of the time show the immense sales that the *Intercepted Letters* had, and the morning of publication was as memorable as years later was a new volume of Macaulay’s History or Dickens’ Novels.

William Upcott, the industrious compiler of a valuable topographical book, records, among his youthful recollections when he was assistant at a neighbouring shop in Piccadilly, the visits to the various neighbouring bookshops of Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Grattan, George Steevens, Malone, Canning, Dr. Burney, Dr. Parr, Bishop Montagu, 'and a variety of literary ladies.' These last were the 'Blue Stockings' of the period, against whom nothing worse could be said than that 'they read the *British Mercury* and the *Anti-Jacobin*.' Dr. Stillingfleet, whose blue worsted stockings gave the name 'Blue Stocking' to the successors of Mrs. Montague's *coterie*, died within a few doors of where Hatchard first commenced business.

But though Hatchard was at first only one of a group of competing booksellers, he saw that in what was then, as now, the principal West-end thoroughfare, there was room for more than one bookselling business, and he had sufficient self-confidence to per-

suade himself of the probability of outliving a good many of his competitors. At the present day Ridgway is the only one remaining contemporary with the period of commencement. Many famous bookshops of a past day have risen and set in this same region, and at one time there were just about as many bookshops as there are Clubs now. Beloe, already referred to, has given a long list of them all, and, soured spirit that he was, very little does he say in favour of any one. He satirizes Murray, not without a note of irony, as a 'superb' bookseller. Cadell as the 'opulent' bookseller, and this was certainly just, for Cadell had been most fortunate in his purchase of copyrights, and perhaps none but Beloe ever had a word against him. Faulder of New Bond Street, Egerton of Whitehall, Edwards of Pall Mall, and Hatchard, stand for others of Beloe's characters in the pages of the *Sexagenarian*. He calls Edwards the 'exotic' (*not* erotic) bookseller. From his father he had inherited

a training as a bookseller and as a book-binder, and he is reported to have been the inventor of the rather pretty art of painting landscapes on the external leaves of a book, which only became visible when unfolded to a certain distance. Beloe adds, 'Be the above as it may, the son was the first person who professedly displayed in the metropolis shelves of valuable books in splendid bindings, and, having taken a large house in one of the most frequented and fashionable streets, it soon became the resort of the gay morning loungers of both sexes. At the same time, also, invitation was held out to students and scholars and persons of real taste of the opportunity of seeing and examining the most curious and rare books, manuscripts, and missals.'

Another notable contemporary, not left unnoticed by the *Sexagenarian*, was Gardner of Pall Mall, called the 'Snuffy' bookseller. Gardner had received an University education with a view to taking Holy Orders.

He appears to have been disappointed as to preferment, and took to bookselling as a final resort, but even this did not offer sufficient consolation to save him from suicide.

THE PICCADILLY OF THE PAST.

PICCADILLY in the year 1797 differed in many points from that of to-day. In Mr. Planché's *Recollections*, published in 1872, we are told that, on the night of January 1st, 1807, he walked down Piccadilly and found 'the most magnificent street in London radiant with gleams of brilliant and unexpected light.' This, which to-day would seem a fitting description of the most perfected form of electric light, has reference in fact to the then new illuminant, gas. The old prints so familiar to collectors represent the old wall in front of Burlington House, and the rumbling, heavy-wheeled waggons making their sluggish journeys westward along the Reading road.

The Albany, that unique and curiously-secluded place, brought John Hatchard many

patrons. Here lived, in 1814, Lord Byron, and here he wrote his *Lara*. George Canning, a regular patron of Hatchard's, lived at A 5 in 1810, and many years later the familiar figures of Thackeray and Macaulay, also occupants of Albany Chambers, might have been seen crossing the road for an occasional visit to a book-shop familiar to them from their youth.

Macaulay, as is well known, wrote a great part of his *History* in the Albany, from 1843-6. Henry Luttrell and 'Monk' Lewis were also occupants of chambers in the same bachelor quarter.

A little further West, but within a stone's throw, at the 'White Horse Cellars,' might be seen and heard each day, and almost every hour, the cheerful coach-horn, blown by a genuine guard sitting behind a genuine coachman, and about to take a journey, not around the park, but past milestone after milestone, village, hamlet, and town, into the far West of England. The 'Three

Kings' inn stood where No. 75 now stands, and which became later the book-shop of John Camden Hotten. At the gateway were two pillars, which were believed to be relics of a famous house of a former day.*

Never, perhaps, has Piccadilly been the scene of so much excitement as on that memorable occasion when, in April 1810, Sir Francis Burdett was taken to the Tower. On June 22 following he was released, and another scene, almost more exciting than the previous one, took place.

Conspicuous in all early references to Piccadilly is the inn known as 'The Pillars of Hercules.' This sign was frequently used on the inns at the outskirts of towns and cities. When Squire Western came to London he stopped at the Piccadilly 'Pillars of Hercules,' which was standing as late as 1797, and perhaps later, so that John Hatchard was a contemporary householder with the illustrious person, name unknown,

*Wheatley.

who kept this inn and entertained Sheridan. Close to the 'Pillars of Hercules' stood the Turnpike, west of which there were a few cottages; but the road, even at this spot, suggested a receding town and the entrance upon the country. Not so many years before the period now described Horace Walpole says that, as he was sitting in his dining-room in Arlington Street one night at eleven o'clock, he heard a loud cry of 'stop thief!' He found that a highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, not forty yards from his house, and that the man had escaped.

Among very many famous residents of Piccadilly during John Hatchard's period there should be mentioned Lord Byron, who lived at 139, and probably wrote the *Siege of Corinth* there. Before him, in part of the same house, had been that notorious pleasure-seeker, the Duke of Queensberry, who lived till 1810 in the most unblushing pursuit of his coarser delights. It is re-

corded again and again how the infamous old profligate would sit in his balcony and watch the stream of human beings that passed beneath his gaze. No sooner did he spy a lady to his fancy than a servant, always kept in readiness for the purpose, was sent in pursuit. Mr. Andrew Lang has said it is part of the moralities of Piccadilly to remember that 'Old Q.', sitting in his balcony under his parasol watching the women with his one wicked old eye, had been that gay young Lord March, who 'never knew Mrs. Bernstein but as an old woman; and if she ever had beauty, hang me if I know how she spent it.'*

The stories of 'Old Q.' are too numerous to touch upon here, but many have been narrated in the scarce little volumes called *The Piccadilly Ambulator, or Old Q., containing memoirs of the private life of that ever-green votary of Venus*, by J. P. Hurstone, Esq. A coloured frontispiece shows

* Thackeray, *Virginians*.

him with his green parasol, his blue coat and rosette, sitting at ease on his balcony peering through his eyeglass.

Scott, in one of his early visits to London in 1803, stayed at what is now 96 Piccadilly. Later he stayed at 25 Pall Mall, 85 and 86 Jermyn Street, and at Long's Hotel in Bond Street. Many of these places remain almost entirely unchanged. The Albany, for instance, has altered very little, and St. James's Church hardly at all, even from the time when John Evelyn went to St. James's and entered in his diary, Dec. 16, 1684, that he had been to see the 'New Church at St. James's.'

Here now rest all that remain of 'Old Q.' himself, Tom D'Urfey, Arbuthnot, the wit and physician; Gillray, the caricaturist; Mark Akenside, and many more.



NO. 173 PICCADILLY, WHERE JOHN HATCHARD FIRST STARTED.
(From a print in the *Crace Collection*.)

PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

IN the midst of such literary and historical associations, John Hatchard, as we have seen from the entry in his memorandum book, took up his abode in 1797. He was then twenty-nine years old, a young man of exemplary piety, shrewd sense, and possessed by a determination to succeed. He had already had fifteen years' experience of book-selling, seven years and four months with Mr. Ginger, of Westminster, and seven years and eight months with Mr. Payne. His first shop at 173 was immediately east of the Egyptian Hall, a dimly lighted, sombre-looking place, now occupied by a saddler. He seems to have found one assistant sufficient for his requirements, and entries appear:—George, his wages, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, which is a monthly payment. We have no

portrait of John Hatchard earlier than the one which is here inserted, nor have we one of his wife, who, as far as is known, took no part in the business.

The other premises occupied at various times by Hatchard were all on the same unfashionable side of the street. He was first at 173, then in June, 1801, he moved to 190, and later to 187, where the business is to-day carried on. This side of Piccadilly, though least favoured by pedestrians, has always (with one notable exception) been the side for Booksellers and Publishers, and those who did not rely upon a casual business, but who had a good connection. In the autobiographical notes left behind by Hatchard, he says—after reminding us of the to him substantial financial results of *Reform or Ruin*, and that this was his starting point—that he was appointed Publisher of the *Christian Observer*, and the *Reports of the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor*. The famous periodicals of that day,

many years previous to the days of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, were the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *European Magazine*, the *Monthly Review*, and the *Christian Observer*. This last circulated largely among what then had got to be called the Clapham sect, so well described by Sir James Stephen, and later by Mrs. Oliphant. Foremost among the Clapham sect were Wilberforce, Granville Sharp, Clarkson, Zachary Macaulay, and 'Bobby' Inglis. These and very many more of the same body were patrons of Hatchard in the early days.

Macaulay, when only little Tom, and the son of his father, was accustomed to visit Hatchard's and make his precocious purchases. Readers of Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay* will remember the many stories of Hannah More, and her various endeavours after the intellectual training of the young historian. Scarcely a letter does she write to his father, Zachary, but what it includes some message of advice to Tom. It was

her frequently expressed wish that Tom would get his books at Hatchard's. When he was six years old, she writes : 'Though you are a little boy now, you will one day, if it please God, be a man, but long before you are a man I hope you will be a scholar. I, therefore, wish you to purchase such books as will be useful and agreeable to you *then*, and that you employ this very small sum in laying a tiny corner-stone for your future Library.' A year or two afterwards she thanks him for his 'two letters so neat and free from blots. By this obvious improvement you have entitled yourself to another book, *you must go to Hatchard's and choose*. I think we have nearly exhausted the epics, what say you to a little good prose? Johnson's *Hebrides* or Walton's *Lives*, unless you would like a nice edition of Cowper's *Poems* or *Paradise Lost*?' Later, in 1812, she is again writing to his father : 'I do not find he (T. B. M.) has been to Hatchard's for a

book yet. He could not determine his choice when here. He is not to be circumscribed in anything within two guineas ; but I wish he would condescend to read a little prose.'

It may not be generally known that Macaulay's first printed work appeared in the form of a practical joke in the pages of the *Christian Observer*, which Zachary Macaulay at that time edited, and Hatchard published. Macaulay, while profoundly respecting his father, chafed at the restriction which forbade the reading of novels in the home at Clapham, and he therefore addressed an anonymous letter to the Editor of the magazine praising Fielding and other Eighteenth Century writers. His father incautiously inserted this letter, to the horror of many subscribers, and doubtless to the intense amusement of young Tom. We are also told of Macaulay acting as index-maker to his father and John Hatchard. When the 13th volume of the

Christian Observer was being prepared for the press, the boy, then aged fourteen, drew up in his Christmas holidays an index to the book, which may be found in all copies of that volume. Years after this Macaulay wrote of 'index-makers in ragged coats of frieze, the very lowest of the frequenters of the coffee houses of Dryden, Swift,' &c. Some measure of intimacy existed all along between John Hatchard and Macaulay, and when 'on one occasion the two met on the Clapham stage, Macaulay confided to Hatchard his purpose of writing a history of England.

In the annals of bookselling there are recorded some famous field days, when the literary world has been worked up to the greatest pitch of excitement and expectation pending the publication of some new work. Such days have been those already referred to when the *Intercepted Letters* were issued, when a new work by Dickens or George Eliot was expected, or the publication days

of *Endymion* and the *Revised Bible*. But perhaps none has exceeded December 17th, 1855, when the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay's *History* were issued. Hatchard had on his books some three hundred or more subscribers who had entered their names in anticipation. These numbered several members of the Royal family, Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, Deans, and other dignitaries of note. In addition, there came hundreds of stray purchasers who had not entered their names. In six months the publishers had sold eighteen thousand copies.

It may now be interesting to follow the above remarks with notes upon the many other distinguished people whose names are recorded as regular patrons of the place. It was Hannah More's wish, expressed when a girl at her Somersetshire home, that she should be able, when she arrived at womanhood and authorship, to 'live in a cottage too low for a clock, and to go to

London to see Bishops and booksellers.* She got her ambition satisfied, and was well-known at Hatchard's, both personally and as a correspondent. In a long letter to Dr. Beadon, Bishop of Bath and Wells, written in 1801, relating to the good work which she and her sisters carried on near Cheddar, she says that the only books used for teaching are those 'to be had of Hatchard.' It must be remembered that John Hatchard was Hannah More's early publisher and bookseller. She commissions him to do all kinds of work, and finds him, no doubt, an useful and amiable friend to have in town. In a letter to Sir W. W. Pepys, she says, 'I shall desire Hatchard to send a specimen of my very profound and learned half-penny and penny lucubrations as a present to your Servants' Hall, hoping, however, that you will condescend

* Another version says she was wont to make a carriage of a chair, and then call her sister to ride with her to see Bishops and booksellers.

to cast an eye over them yourself.' This looks as if Mrs. Hannah was anxious for the spiritual welfare of Sir W. W. Pepys as much as for his servants.

Again, in 1819, she addresses a letter to Sir Alexander Johnstone, asking him 'whether I ever took the liberty to present to your elder children my *Hints for the Education of a young Princess*, if I have not, will you have the goodness to desire Mr. Hatchard to send you a copy from the author, which I shall beg them to accept. Please to mention the third edition, as I have just added at the beginning a sketch of the character of the Princess Charlotte of Wales.'

In the earliest ledger of Hatchard we find a page allotted to the purchases of her Majesty Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., who had been graciously pleased to favour Hatchard from his first commencing business. She buys *L'Histoire de France*, 5 vols. Baxter's *Dying Thoughts*, and many copies of what is entered as *A*

Statement of Facts. This was a curious little tract by Dr. Glasse, Vicar of Hanwell, upon an eccentric woman supposed to be of noble birth, found near a haystack in Somerset. Altogether the account of Queen Charlotte shews her Majesty to have been a book-buying woman, though not of the type of Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, or what we are told of Lady Jane Grey. Queen Charlotte bought liberally, and upon religious books she was most lavish. *Smith On the Prophets* was a favourite, and was purchased twelve copies at a time. She minds not the scandal of Wraxall, but pays for 'two volumes boards,' fourteen shillings. Her Majesty also bought books of religious consolation, and in 1799 appears to have been much interested in Natural History.

To show the interesting character of the business, some further extracts from the early Ledger may be given. John Keate, Esq., Eton, has a page allotted to him and purchases, in 1799, *Shakespeare*, 9 vols.,

12^{mo}, 1*l.* 8*s.*; Paley's *Evidences*, two vols., twelve shillings; *The Pleasures of Hope*, six shillings; Cowper's *Poems*, small paper, eight shillings; Francis' *Horace*, four volumes, thirteen shillings; White's *Etymological Dictionary*, twenty-one shillings. He, like many others, appears to have used John Hatchard's shop as a place for letters to be addressed, for an entry occurs, 'P^d postage of double letter from Bath, 2*s.* 11*d.*' In a short time old Keate has run up an account of 23*l.* 2*s.* 11*d.*, which he quickly discharges.

The Reverend Clayton Mordaunt Crachode buys the *Anti-Jacobin* to the amount of twenty-eight shillings. But this ledger says no more of the purchases of this lover of wide margins.

The Reverend W. Beloe finds *An Essay on the Smoke of London*, worth 1*s.* 6*d.* to him in 1797. He also buys Mitford's *Greece* and the *Anti-Jacobin*.

Dr. Heberden, the famous physician, who lived in Pall Mall, and occupied a house

rebuilt upon the site of one used by Nell Gwyn, buys medical books, of course, and has thrown in for light reading Rumford's *Essay No. 10*, price 2s. 6d., and Colquhoun *On the Police*. Richard Heber, brother of the Bishop, and the greatest bibliomaniac that ever lived, buys everything, a victim to an absolutely insatiable passion for books in duplicates and triplicates. He even borrows a guinea, and has entered by his amiable bookseller, 'Cash for gloves, two shillings.'

Archbishop Howley buys copy-books unsparingly in 1797, and for literature, *The Parents' Assistant*, and Mrs. More's *Strictures on Female Education*.

An interesting account is that of the purchases of George Canning from 1797-1798. There is a tradition that Canning knew Hatchard as a youth when he was at Ginger's, and that he, like so many others, stuck to him all along. Canning was probably living at 4 St. James' Square when he purchased the books enumerated below.

He buys pamphlets by Burke, many of which were issued by Hatchard. Franklin's *Works*, *The Jacobin's Lamentation*, Johnson's *Works*, twelve volumes, and many more. All Canning's speeches were published about this time by Hatchard, and the 'Cicero of the British Senate' was probably a very frequent visitor.

The Rev. R. H. Froude, Vicar of Dartington, Devon, grandfather of Mr. J. A. Froude, and father of Richard Hurrell Froude, requests that his parcels be sent 'by Exeter Waggon,' and, trusting to the security of that conveyance, he orders *Sermons* by Robert Hall and Sydney Smith, Syme's *Embassy to Ava*, Laing's *History of Scotland*, and much more.

One name has yet to be mentioned, that of William Wilberforce, perhaps the most frequent visitor of any yet named. Wilberforce appears to have used the place, like Keate and some others, to have his letters addressed there. Writing to Zachary

Macaulay on January 7, 1815, he says, 'I have had last, not least, a Haytian correspondent. Two days ago I received a note from Hatchard telling me that a letter had come for me of eighty-five ounces, and was charged 37*l.* 10*s.*, and that he refused it. It was explained by a letter from the Post Office, which very handsomely, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, let me off for a peppercorn of 7*s.*, which I shall gladly pay.' A visit of Mrs. Wilberforce is also on record, where she is down as having borrowed 10*s.* 6*d.* An occasion when perhaps her housekeeping money had run short.

Besides the authors and other famous people named already, there would meet here, for purposes other than book purchase, a number of political, social, and literary magnates.

In 1817 a troublesome case of libel, which resulted in Hatchard being arraigned and tried, occurred owing to some error remaining uncorrected in the Report of the African

Institution. As in many other cases of libel, the publisher himself was the scapegoat for the delinquencies of others. At the trial, an account of which was separately issued,* many

* (. . . . 'The King *v.* John Hatchard for a libel on the Aides-de-camp of Sir James Leigh, &c.' 1817. Pages 54, 55.)

A Report of
The Trial
of
THE KING *v.* JOHN HATCHARD
for
A Libel on the
Aides-de-Camp of Sir James Leigh,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands,
and the
Grand Jury of the Island of Antigua,
as published in the
Tenth Report of the Directors of the African Institution,
In the
Court of King's Bench,
Before Mr. Justice Abbott, and a Special Jury,
On February 20, 1817,
Together with
Mr. Justice Bayley's Address in Pronouncing the
Sentence of the Court.

Taken in Shorthand by Mr. Gurney.

LONDON :

Printed for Whitmore and Fenn, Charing Cross.
1817.

well-known men of the time came forward and spoke up unhesitatingly for Hatchard. This enabled him to get off more lightly than he otherwise would have done. Wilberforce enters in his *Journal*, 'As soon as the mistake was known the publication was suppressed, but the opportunity could not be wasted, and the cause was pushed to trial, and Hatchard, the publisher, was found guilty, as we expected. We, of course, shall prevent his suffering.'

The name of the real libeller was never given up, and Wilberforce remarks, 'He seems a little disposed to regard himself as a Saint in our Calendar, though poor Hatchard has been a Martyr.'

The following extract from his Counsel's appeal is not without interest and amusement :

' Now Mr. Hatchard, the Bookseller, he wants no introduction to this place ; he is one of the most respectable of the Tradesmen in the metropolis. He has been carrying on a business, always attended with peril and danger, in a manner

to exempt him (until the Legislative Body of Antigua have ordered him to be prosecuted), not only from prosecution, but from reproach. Look at the shelves of his warehouse, the contents of them are calculated to promote and increase science and useful knowledge, to enlarge the sphere of the moral fitness of mankind, and I will venture to say that no man who will go out a purchaser from his shop can make a selection which has not the object of making him a better man than he was before the purchase. This is the man to-day brought before you for publishing a Libel on the Grand Jury of the Island of Antigua, an unnamed and undesignated individual, a not-to-be-found individual. I am obliged to take liberties with language to describe the anomalous condition of men not-to-be-found. . . . This man of virtue and integrity is supposed to have published this with a view to traduce the character, either of the Grand Jury in its aggregate character, or some one of eight individuals who fill the character of Aides-de-camp of Sir James Leigh.'

Serjeant Buzfuz could have done no better.

PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, referring to the early work of his father as a literary man, and the publication of his work *On the Abuse of Satire*, says that he, Isaac Disraeli, was indebted for the success of this book to 'the warm personal friendship of Mr. Pye.' Then, after a rather superfluous explanation as to who Mr. Pye was, Lord Beaconsfield says, 'in those days when literary clubs did not exist, and when even political ones were very limited and exclusive in their character, the booksellers' shops were social rendezvous. Debrett's was the chief haunt of the Whigs, Hatchard's, I believe, of the Tories. It was at the latter house that my father made the acquaintance of Mr. Pye, then publishing his translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*, and so strong was party feeling at that period, that

one day walking together down Piccadilly, Mr. Pye, stopping at the door of Debrett, requested his companion to join, adding that if he (Pye) had the audacity to enter more than one person would tread upon his toes.'

Pye was at this time at the height of his fame, and a frequent visitor to Hatchard's. He does not appear to have been much of a book buyer, but as Poet Laureate (he had succeeded Warton in 1790) he was perhaps entitled to a good many indulgences.

On October 8 he sends, according to the much-quoted Ledger, a copy of *The Inquisitor*, a two-volume book of which he was probably the anonymous author, to Mr. Disraeli, and about the same date he is charged a good round sum for advertisements. Evidently *The Inquisitor* was a favourite child of this much-abused Laureate. Lord Beaconsfield, mindful of the verdict of his day upon H. J. Pye, says, in the account already referred to, that although the literary

sympathy between his father and Pye was complete, he possessed 'an elegant turn of mind, rather than one of that energy and vigour which a youth required for a companion at that moment.'

Besides the poetical works of Pye, Hatchard had dealings with a poet whose name is still much respected.

In 1799 Crabbe left his former publisher, and opened a correspondence with Hatchard, from whom he received sufficient encouragement to prepare for publication a volume of miscellaneous poems, which, owing to the criticism of a friend, were withheld, and the first volume issued by Hatchard for Crabbe appeared in 1807. It contained *The Parish Register*, *Sir Eustace Grey*, *The Birth of Flattery*, and other minor pieces. 'The sale of this volume was very large, and his son says that 'two days after Jeffrey's article in the *Edinburgh Review* Mr. Hatchard sold off the whole of the first edition of these poems.' The minor poet of to-day is distri-

buted in the same way, 'only more so.' With him all copies are sold *before* publication.

Among congratulatory letters is one from Mrs. Burke, whose husband was one of the first to encourage the poet, and another from Sir Walter Scott, who writes very appreciatingly of the poet whose fame had come so late. 'I should certainly have availed myself,' writes Scott, 'of the freemasonry of authorship to address to you a copy of a new poetical attempt which I have now upon the anvil, and esteem myself particularly obliged to Mr. Hatchard, and to your goodness, acting upon his information, for giving me the opportunity of paving the way for such a freedom.'

It would seem that as soon as the volume of poems was ready Hatchard sent a copy to Sir Walter Scott, and though the reply of the great novelist is missing now, we know from Lockhart that it contained some flattering expressions, which being duly communicated to Crabbe, he addressed Scott in reply as follows:

'To Walter Scott, Esq., Edinburgh.

'Merston, Grantham, 13th October, 1812.

'Sir,—Mr. Hatchard, judging rightly of the satisfaction it would afford me, has been so obliging as to communicate your two letters, in one of which you desire my *Tales* to be sent; in the other you acknowledge the receipt of them; and in both you mention my verses in such terms that it would be affected in me were I to deny, and I think unjust if I were to conceal, the pleasure you give me. I am indeed highly gratified.

'I have long entertained a hearty wish to be made known to a poet whose works are so greatly and so universally admired, and I continued to hope that I might at some time find a common friend, by whose intervention I might obtain that honour, but I am confined by duties near my home, and by sickness in it. It may be long before I be in town, and then no such opportunity might offer. Excuse me then, sir, if I gladly seize this which now occurs to express my thanks for the politeness of your expressions, as well as my desire of being known to a gentleman who has delighted and affected me, and moved all the passions and feelings in turn, I believe—envy surely excepted, certainly if I know myself, but in a moderate degree. I truly rejoice in your success, and while I am entertaining, in my way, a certain set of readers, for the

most part, probably, of peculiar turn and habit, I can with pleasure see the effect you produce on all. Mr. Hatchard tells me that he hopes or expects that thousands will read my *Tales*, and I am convinced that your publisher might, in like manner, so speak of your ten thousands; but this, though it calls to mind the passage, is no true comparison with the related prowess of David and Saul, because I have no evil spirit to arise and trouble me on the occasion, though, if I had, I know no David whose skill is so likely to allay it. Once more, sir, accept my best thanks, with my hearty wishes for your health and happiness, who am, with great esteem, and true respect, Dear Sir, your obedient Servant.

‘GEORGE CRABBE.’

Scott's reply to this communication cannot be produced. Mr. Crabbe appears to have, in the course of the year, sent him a copy of all of his works, ‘ex dono auctoris.’

Then comes a charming correspondence (fully given by Lockhart), and in one letter Scott, having referred to himself ‘fagging as a clerk’—he was a Clerk to the Supreme Court—the reference draws the following reply from Crabbe:—

‘To Walter Scott, Esq., *Edinburgh.*

‘My dear Sir,—Law, then, is your profession—I mean a profession you give your mind and time to—but how ‘fag as a clerk?’ Clerk is the name for a learned person, I know in our Church; but how the same hand that held the pen of *Marmion*, holds that which a clerk fags, unless a clerk means something vastly more than I understand—is not to be comprehended. I wait for elucidation, know you, dear sir, I have often thought I should love to read reports; that is, brief histories of extraordinary cases, with the judgments. If that is what is meant by reports, such reading must be pleasant; but, probably, I entertain wrong ideas, and could not understand the books I think so engaging. Yet I conclude there are histories of cases, and have often thought of consulting Hatchard whether he knew of such kind of reading, but hitherto I have rested in ignorance. ‘Yours truly, ‘GEORGE CRABBE.’

In the *Life* of the Poet, young Mr. Crabbe gives an instance of his father’s love of books, and his homely ways under the roof of his publisher and bookseller. Mr. Crabbe says, ‘calling one day at Mr. Hatchard’s, in Piccadilly, he (Mr. H.) said

'Look round,' and pointed to his inner room, and there stood my father reading intently, as his manner was, with his knees somewhat bent, insensible to all around him. How homelike was the sight of that venerable white head among a world of strangers. He was engaged, and I was leaving town; . . . after a short, cheerful half-hour we parted.'

Though Hatchard from the commencement sold all kinds of books, his place was famous in the early days as a pamphlet shop. Before the days of so many daily papers and magazines the pamphlet held a much more important place in literature than it now does. Hatchard provided special accommodation for a great array of pamphlets, prominent among them being *Reform or Ruin*, which had been 'boomed' so well, the separate speeches of Canning, various pamphlets by Burke, the Marquess Wellesley, Henry Thornton, and William Wilberforce. Among the many successful books issued were Sher-

wood's *History of the Fairchild Family*, Marshall's *Extracts from Fénelon*, The *Maxims of Theresa Tidy*, Thornton's *Family Prayers*, The *Lectures* of Henry Blunt, Vicar of Chelsea, *The Peep of Day*, and the very successful series of books which followed, all by Mrs. Mortimer. Various works of Archbishop Sumner, Miss Jewsbury, Caroline Fry, Bishop Oxenden, Martin Tupper, and very many more. As already stated, nearly all Canning's publications bore Hatchard's name, and when Gladstone, 'a young man of unblemished character, . . . the rising hope of stern and unbending Tories,' published his book on *Defence of the Church* in 1838, Hatchard's name was considered to convey such weight as a Church house that the imprint of 187 Piccadilly appeared alongside that of Murray. In later years, when a young and exuberant author offered Hatchard a child's book containing the lines—

'The animals went in one by one,
Dash it, says Noah, they'll never be done,'

he scornfully rejected the book, and pointed triumphantly to his Catalogue with its array of Trimmers, Sherwoods, and Hannah Mores.

The facts hitherto stated have referred almost entirely to the first twenty years or so of Hatchard's Piccadilly career. I shall deal now in the pages which follow with perhaps the most prosperous period the house experienced. Hatchard, having succeeded in forming profitable associations with wealthy authors and bookbuyers of the day, was enabled to offer better payments for manuscripts, and rival in his bids many of the largest houses.

Sydney Smith, who could hardly have written the following unless he had some personal acquaintance with the shop, commenced an article in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1810 on *Public Schools* with the following words: 'There is a set of well-dressed prosperous gentlemen who assemble daily at Mr. Hatchard's shop, clean, civil personages well in with the people in power, delighted

with every existing institution, and almost with every existing circumstance, and every now and then one of these personages writes a little book, and the rest praise that little book, expecting to be praised in their turn for their own little books, and of these little books thus written by these clean, civil personages, so expecting to be praised, the pamphlet before us appears to be one.'

This amusing passage suggests two possibilities. First, the antiquity of log-rolling, and, secondly, that some of the bookshops Sydney Smith was accustomed to visit were *not* all as 'Mr. Hatchard's' was—and is—the meeting-place of 'clean, civil personages.'

While speaking of the place in the early days as a rendezvous, it may be appropriate to mention the fact that 'The Royal Horticultural Society' received its first definite organization on the 7th of March, 1804, 'at a meeting held at the house of Mr. Hatchard, the Publisher, in Piccadilly.' Among those who then met and inaugurated that flourish-

ing Society were John Wedgwood, Andrew Knight, the Earl of Dartmouth, and Charles Greville. It is a matter of tradition, amounting almost to a certainty, that a room now used for despatching orders was once a private parlour set aside for such gatherings as met when the Horticultural Society was first started. Here, too, bishops and clergy of the Low Church Party, stimulated by the teaching of Wilberforce and Hannah More, seceded from the Bible and the Sun, Rivington's house in St. Paul's Churchyard, and came westwards to the house more in sympathy with their tenets.

In 1818, when Hatchard was at No. 190 Piccadilly, an amusing society was started at his house to promote marriage. It was, in fact, an early instance, if not the first, of a Matrimonial Agency.* Hatchard seems to have been much mixed up in this, and lent his premises and his initials—discreetly withholding his name—for the purposes of the Society.

* The Society called itself 'The Outinian Society.'

It appears that it occurred to some one of the good people who met at Hatchards, that much might be done by promoting matches, and convening meetings for the purpose for inquiring into the suitability of the contracting parties, or supplying information to members which would help them to make their choice. It was, indeed, to determine, as Mr. Oscar Wilde would have put it, whether they had 'pasts' or whether they had 'futures.' As far as can be judged from the very guarded remarks made in their scarce-published transactions, a more absurd society never existed. At the bottom, and notwithstanding its protestations to the contrary, it could have had no other motive than idle or mercenary curiosity. It existed but a short time, during which several meetings were held in Hatchard's parlour, and, after tea and buns had been handed round, the meeting proceeded to discuss and deplore the stoical apathy to marriages, as in the modern instances of Newman Noggs and George Chuzzlewit.

The veil of anonymity thrown over the whole proceedings is very amusing. The 'X. Y. Z.s,' the 'Onlookers,' and the 'Friends to the Society,' who make pitiful appeals to 'J. H.' to admit them to membership after the ranks have been filled, and there are no more vacancies, are not the least funny part of the proceedings.

Strangest of all is that Hatchard should have lent his initials and his premises to a Society every bit as absurd in its object as 'The Social Linen-Box Committee,' or the 'United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Bakery and Punctual Delivery Company.'

John Hatchard was in appearance the very acme of respectability. He always dressed in a semi-clerical style as he thought befitted his connexion. The portrait produced here is by a pupil of Lawrence, and is accounted a very accurate and good likeness.

One who remembers his personal appearance says, 'He was invariably dressed in

black. His coat was of the style of a Bishop's frock coat, waistcoat buttoning to the throat, with an entirely plain front, and knee breeches and gaiters.' The same correspondent refers to the very numerous visits of Church dignitaries to the place, and the deferential manner invariably shown them. Hatchard was never above speaking to boys who brought loads of books, encouraging them to be industrious, and never to be afraid of work. Another friend refers to the big neckerchief worn round his neck, the fashion of the day, and to his unvarying and gracious manner, and his patience under a martyrdom to gout. For many years, off and on, the Hatchard family resided in a portion of the house at 187 Piccadilly; for many years, also, they were associated with Clapham.

In the days of its founder the shop was very ill lit, only oil lamps being used. In the centre by the fireplace was a table, upon which were placed the daily papers, *The*



THOMAS HATCHARD.
(1794-1858.)

Morning Herald, *The Morning Chronicle*, and the *Times*. There were also some old-fashioned chairs to match the customary occupants. All this was considered a part of the business, and as much care as possible taken not to disturb the slumbers of those who fell into the hands of *Morpheus*. Several well-known men used to meet daily round the fire or the fireplace and discuss their favourite topics, sitting until they could bore one another no longer. Outside the door might be seen another instance of Hatchard's philanthropical zeal. Here was a bench to accommodate the flunkeys who rode on the platforms behind their masters' carriages. The two last-named features of the shop, the fireplace and the outside bench, have, after being relinquished for many years, again been continued.

From an early date regular use was made of the place to receive subscriptions for charitable purposes. The origin of this part of the business might probably be traced to a

suggestion made by Wilberforce, or some such character, that Hatchard should solicit subscriptions from the well-to-do folks when he saw them.* Thus grew an useful agency for the distribution of charity money, and the position which John Hatchard held among philanthropists was such that large sums of money were lodged with him without acknowledgment, but with instructions to distribute. Another similar agency was also carried on for the public good, namely, an educational registry for governesses to obtain employment. So well was this directed, and such care shown in the recommending of well-qualified people, that although this kind of thing has been discontinued for many years, frequent applications are made to-day, applicants relying entirely upon the security of a recommendation from Hatchard's.

* After the Battle of Waterloo, contributions for the *Waterloo Subscription* were received by 'Mr. Hatchard, 190 Piccadilly, and Mr. Mortlock, 250 Oxford Street.'—*See Morning Herald*, 14th August, 1815.

Mr. Gladstone was a visitor to the place from about 1830 to 1840, purchasing pamphlets pretty extensively. He is reported to have been taciturn and unapproachable in manner, handing in a list of pamphlets on a slip of paper, and even then demanding ten per cent. or threatening to go elsewhere. There is no record of his ever having occupied a chair, or even condescended to refer to any subject except the list of pamphlets with which he came ready armed. Once, it is true, when some copies of the great book on the Vatican were to be sold, he ventured, after long absence, to call and put everybody right as to the binding of the volumes. They had been described as 'in half morocco.' *He* called the binding 'skiver.'

Byron refers to 'Murray's four o'clock visitors.' Crabbe or another might have referred to the almost more homely gatherings at old Hatchard's at the same hour. One who is best remembered as a daily visitor

was Rev. Charles Kingsley (father of a more famous Charles). He came regularly to read the paper, bringing his three sons—Charles, Henry, and George—with him.

When the old Charles Kingsley died, the author of *Westward Ho!* wrote to his eldest son at school :

‘My darling boy. Poor Grandpapa is dead, and gone to heaven. You must always think of him lovingly, and remember this about him, and copy it, that he was a *gentleman*, and never did in his life, or even thought, a mean or false thing,’ etc.

The Duke of Wellington, *the* Duke as he was always called, would come on horseback, and, dismounting, would walk through to the back room, where, seated upon a chair, still preserved, he would, in a very business-like manner, state his requirements. When the Library of the Duke’s brother was sold at Evans’ Auction Rooms in Pall Mall, where now stands the Carlton Club, the Duke sent several open commissions for books which he wished secured. Among these was a shilling

pamphlet by A. G. Stapleton, with the late owner's notes in pencil. This was put up at 2s. 6d., and ultimately knocked down for 93 $\frac{1}{2}$ l. to Hatchard, the under-bidder being Sir A. Alison. The Duke, though very much astonished at the price such a mere fragment had fetched, yet admired the obedience to his orders, which were *carte blanche* to buy the pamphlet. It was some time in the 'fifties' when a well-known Scotch family sent up for sale a copy of Hamlet, which proved to be the quarto edition of 1604, of which only two other copies are known to exist. After some negotiation between the old bookseller Lilly and Hatchard, the copy found a resting-place in the famous collection of Mr. Huth. The copy is described as being in the finest possible condition, and it is specially notable as never having passed through public auction.

Among successful authors who dealt with Hatchard, Martin Tupper must not be altogether omitted, for Tupper's books had an

enormous, though, if merit be considered, a most unaccountable sale. Rickerby, a printer in the City, had produced the first series of *Proverbial Philosophy* in 1838, but as Rickerby was more a printer than a publisher, Tupper sought a better-known man, and for the second series of the book and many subsequent editions he had dealings with Hatchard, receiving annually, as he himself tells us, 500*l.* to 800*l.* a-year, 'and in the aggregate having benefited both them and myself—for we shared equally—by something like 10,000*l.* a-piece.' Tupper seems to have got on very well with both John Hatchard and his son Thomas; but when they were dead his lines seem not to have fallen in such pleasant places, and a little quarrel, such as publisher and authors had in the past, and still engage in, ensued. Tupper withdrew his books from the house to Moxon. The fact was that Tupper thought that by going to Moxon his pedestrian lines might break into a trot if placed

in Moxon's Catalogue beside those of Alfred Tennyson, for whom he was then publishing. Tupper, as is pretty well known, could not—or would not—disguise his love of praise and his inability to brook any adverse criticism. He is delighted to relate 'when that good old man, Grandfather Hatchard, more than an octogenarian, first saw me he placed his hand on my dark hair and said, with tears in his eyes, "You will thank God for this book when your hair comes to be as white as mine." Let me gratefully acknowledge that he was a true prophet. When I was writing the concluding Essay of the first series, my father (not quite such a true prophet as old Hatchard) exhorted me to burn it, as his ambition was to make a lawyer of me.'

One may well have thought that Pye had provided enough weak poetry for one publisher, but for Pye and Tupper together one can hardly find apology sufficiently ample. Had Robert Montgomery joined, and made the trio, it would have been the

last straw, which neither the reputation of Hatchard or any other mortal publisher could have survived.

If poets and bishops visited the place, so also did actors. Charles Mayne Young frequently lodged in the neighbourhood, and was often out walking after an early breakfast. He called one Monday morning and inquired the name of the curate who had on the preceding day read the lessons at St. James' Church. He then requested to have a Bible handed to him, and, in the middle of the shop, he first imitated the sing-song tones of the offending curate, and then, in his fine, trained, sonorous voice, he showed how the scriptures should be read in churches. Liston, the famous Paul Pry of a past day, was another frequent visitor at a period when he had retired from the stage, and was living at 14 St. George's Place, near Hyde Park Corner. Both Charles and Fanny Kemble, and Charles Matthews, were regular frequenters of the place, and in later

times Hatchard's is well known in the best dramatic circles. Other occasional visitors were Rev. W. Harness, Bishop Blomfield, and the Countess of Blessington.

Hardly any reference had yet been made to Thomas Hatchard, who joined his father in business, and conducted it in person for a considerable time. In appearance he is recalled as attired in a blue dress coat with velvet collar, gilt buttons, white cravat, yellow waistcoat, and brown nankeen trousers. Kind-hearted and pious, he answered perhaps more to Dr. Johnson's description of Tom Davies, as a gentleman who sold books. Thomas Hatchard was so loyal a subject that it is said he rarely sat down to a family dinner without drinking to the Queen's health, saying, at the same time, 'God bless her.' John Hatchard died at Clapham, June 21, 1849, in his 81st year. His will contained a large number of legacies to charities. Thomas Hatchard died at Brighton, November 20, 1858.

For many years previous to 1880 Mr. Henry Hudson, a great grandson of John Hatchard, most successfully conducted the business. Though he died prematurely, he already proved himself to be possessed by many of the fine qualities of his ancestor. He was amiable, gracious, most watchful of the interests of the business with which he was so conspicuously connected, and always alert and jealous for its exceptional prestige.

The 'civil personages well in with people in power,' referred to by Sydney Smith as frequenters of the place fifty or sixty years ago, have never deserted their favourite bookshop, but from generation to generation has been handed down a reputation for intelligence and straightforward dealing.

At the present day the business stands perhaps higher than it ever stood. Freed from all narrowness and bias, it is directed with the view to point to the best sources for studying modern thought and action. For so long has Hatchard's served a good pur-

pose in this way that it now has become a recognised resort for all who seek information about books old and new. Political and social in its connexions, its social prestige perhaps takes precedence of the strictly political. Here may be seen, at one time or another during the season, almost all who are known within the precincts of the town. Mr. Du Maurier might find opportunities for studying the American girl tourist, and find her vivacious and bright when discussing her favourite author; or he might see *La Belle Américaine* in her most attractive of all forms, as the young wife of the English nobleman or squire.

Here, too, meet cliques and 'sets' of quite the smartest types, with handshakes that puzzle the recorder of manners and fashions. Here, too, at various times, may be seen Cabinet Ministers, club gossips, great talkers, great actors, great sportsmen, and young authors—surreptitiously inquiring for their own productions.

BIOGRAPHICAL & GENEALOGICAL NOTES.

THE earliest traces of the Hatchard family in England are found in Hampshire and Dorsetshire, and, in the last-named County, several branches of the family still reside. Lower says that the surname Hatchard is equivalent to the Achard of Domesday.

One Nicholas Hatchard, of Romsey, Architect, appears in Hampshire marriage licences as marrying Ann Goddard, of Broughton, spinster, at Romsey, 6 November, 1732. This is, perhaps, the earliest date to be found with the name spelt as it now is.

The first London member of the family is believed to have been Thomas Hatchard, born October 1730, and who died 26 February, 1818.

Another one, Henry Hatchard, obtained

a Royal Academy medal for a bust in the year 1797.

The arms borne by Bishop Goodwyn Hatchard were the arms of an old family named Achard, once Lords of Aldermaston, but believed to be extinct in the male line.

The pedigree inserted is an outline only, but serves as an orderly record of those of the Hatchard family most nearly associated with 187 Piccadilly. No complete pedigree of the family has ever been published, and what is inserted here represents the fugitive material most easily accessible.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1849, p. 210, will be found a lengthened obituary of John Hatchard. As all the points of interest which it contains have been reproduced in one place or the other in this little volume, I shall not reprint it here. Of some others of the Hatchard family who have not received an equal share in the body of this little book, I purpose to give references and quotations to biographical sources.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

DEATH OF MR. HATCHARD.

‘Our obituary of this day (says the *Guardian*, Nov. 17, 1858), contains an announcement of the death of Mr. Thomas Hatchard, the eminent publisher of Piccadilly. One who knew him well writes that he was a man of earnest, unostentatious piety; as a master kind and liberal, ever treating those under him with the greatest consideration; there was no house in the same business where it was considered a greater privilege to be. His charity was unobtrusive; but, blessed with affluence, he was the humble means of distributing largely the bounty bestowed upon him to a large circle of poor of every grade. By these his loss will be severely felt, and by no class of persons more than that much neglected and too often despised, the poor governess, to whom, following the example of his father, he always showed the greatest sympathy and regard.’

Illustrated London News, Nov. 20, 1858.

JOHN HATCHARD (THE SECOND), VICAR OF
PLYMOUTH.

‘The important vicarage of St. Andrew’s, the mother church of Plymouth, is vacant by the death of the Rev. John Hatchard, after an incumbency of forty-six years, during the last nine of which he has been a confirmed

invalid. Mr. Hatchard's predecessor was the Rev John Gundy, who succeeded Dr. Mudge, the contemporary and friend of Dr. Johnson. The incumbencies of the three vicars extended over a period of 147 years. The living is in the gift of the Church Patronage Society, and is of about 1000*l.* a-year in value, but will now probably be reduced by one-half. It has a population of fully 18,000 attached to the church and its chapel-of-ease, with very indifferent accommodation for the poor.'

Guardian, Dec. 8, 1869.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF MAURITIUS.

'On the 28th Feb., at Mauritius, of fever, Thomas Goodwin Hatchard, D.D., Lord Bishop of Mauritius, late Rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford, in the 53rd year of his age. Friends will kindly accept this intimation (by telegram).—*Times*, March 30th, 1870.

DEATH OF A COLONIAL BISHOP.

'Our obituary column yesterday contained the name of one of the most recently consecrated colonial bishops, the Right Rev. Thomas Goodwin Hatchard, D.D., Bishop of Mauritius, who died in his distant diocese on the 28th of February last, from an attack of fever, in the 53rd year of his age. He was a member of the well-known family who have so long been connected with Clapham by residence, and as Church publishers with Piccadilly. A son of the late Mr. Thomas Hatchard, of Chichester Terrace, Brighton, he was born in the year 1818, and was educated at King's College, London,

whence he proceeded to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's Degree in 1841, and proceeded M.A. in 1845. Having been ordained in 1840 by the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Sumner), he was appointed in 1846 to the rectory of Havant, Hampshire, which living he held until 1856, when he was transferred to the rectory of St. Nicholas, Guildford. This latter preferment he only resigned about a year and a-half ago, on his nomination to the Bishopric of the island of Mauritius, to which he was consecrated in the early part of 1869. The late Bishop belonged to the Moderate Evangelical school of religious thought. He was indefatigable in his duties as a parochial clergyman, and in his new sphere of action was thoroughly justifying the high hopes which had been entertained of him, when he was so suddenly struck down by the fever which carried him off. He married the eldest daughter of Dr. Alexander, the first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem.'

Times, March 31st, 1870.

(Also recopied in *Guardian*, April 6th, 1870.)

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF MAURITIUS.

'A telegram was received on Saturday, announcing the death by fever, on February 28th, of the Rev. T. G. Hatchard, D.D., Bishop of Mauritius. He was consecrated on February 24th, 1869, and had personally presided over his see only eight months. He leaves a widow and six children, and a numerous circle of relatives to lament his loss. His death will be keenly felt in his diocese, where his piety, energy, and warm-heartedness had already begun, under God, to leave their mark.'

Record, March 28th, 1870.

(Also repeated in the *Guardian*, March 30, 1870).

FAMILY.

THOMAS. They were probably the parents of:—

JOHN, bearing his name. Born 17th Oct., 1768 ;
married

OPHIA.

matric. 20th May, 1812, aged 18: of
1824, until his death, 1st Dec., 1869;

3rd May, 1815, ELIZABETH GOODWIN;
one son and three daughters:—

born 18th September, 1817. Brasenose
14th February, 1859. Rector of Havant,
Sussex, 1869, till death, 28th of February,
1874. Had issue four sons and three daughters.

4 Surgeon. Had issue three sons and

THOMAS GOODWIN HATCHARD.

Thomas Goodwin Hatchard, 1817 to 1870, Bishop of Mauritius, son of Thomas Hatchard the publisher (d. 13th Nov. 1858), and grandson of John Hatchard, was born at 11 Sloane Street, Chelsea, on 18th Sept. 1817, and educated at King's College, London. He matriculated from Brasenose College, Oxford, as Thomas Goodwin Hatchard on 11th April, 1837; graduated B.A., 1841, M.A. 1845, and D.D. 4th Feb., 1862. He was curate of Windlesham, Surrey, from 1842 to 1844; Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis of Conyngham from 1845 to 1869; Rector of Havant, Hants, from 1846 to 1856; and of St. Nicholas, Guildford, Surrey, from 1856 to 1869. He belonged to the moderate Evangelical School. As a parochial clergyman he was indefatigable in his duties. He died of fever in the island of Mauritius, 28th Feb. 1870. He married, 19th Feb. 1846, Fanny Vincent Steel, second daughter of the Right Rev. Michael Solomon Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem. She died at Cannes, 7th Dec. 1880.

Books by the Bishop and his wife :—

1. *The German Tree, a Moral for the Young.* 1851.
2. *The Flowerlet Gathered, a Brief Memoir of Adelaide Charlotte Hatchard, his daughter.* 1858.
3. *Sermons.* 1847-62.

Mrs. Hatchard published :—

1. *Eight Years' Experience of Mothers' Meetings.* 1871.
2. *Prayers for Little Children.* 1872.
3. *Mothers' Meetings, and How to Organize Them.* 1875.
4. *Mothers of Scripture.* 1875.
5. *Thoughts on the Lord's Prayer.* 1878.
6. *Prayers for Mothers' Meetings.* 1878.

FINAL MEMORIALS.

WITH such scant biographical data as are now available, some reference must be made to those who, having been employed in the firm in their earlier years, have succeeded in other spheres, or are in any way deserving of being remembered.

JAMES FRASER, the publisher (but not the founder) of *Fraser's Magazine*, was in his youth an assistant at Hatchard's. Fraser became famous as the recipient of a sound thrashing from the hands of Grantley Berkeley. Dr. Maginn had published in *Fraser's* a fierce review of a book by Grantley Berkeley. The author, thirsting for vengeance, determined to find out the writer, and for this purpose he betook himself to the bookseller; but not knowing Fraser personally, and fearing he might thrash the wrong man, he employed Simmonds, the hallkeeper

at Crockford's to inquire for a book called *Bolofusticabilus on the Divinity of the Human Race*, 'while,' says Grantley Berkeley, 'I and my brother Craven, who wished to be present at the transaction, waited in Conduit Street.'

The faithful Simmonds returned with a description of Fraser, and Berkeley proceeded at once to see Fraser himself. 'A quick, scrutinizing glance showed me a young man, or, at least, a man between thirty and forty, and apparently in the prime of life and strength. He was showily got up, in short, looked like a thriving Regent Street tradesman approaching to a self-conceited swell. After refusing to give up the name, I at once, with my fist, knocked him down on his desk, whence on his recovering he snatched at some weapon close behind him. I never knew what it was, but, seizing him by the collar, hurled him into the middle of his shop, where, on his refusing to rise, and on my brother handing me a racing whip he had brought for my use, I gave him a severe

flogging, which concluded in the gutter of the street.' Fraser's death is believed to have been greatly hastened by this chastisement.

Fraser was Carlyle's first publisher, and the story of his dealings between the author and the infatuated Fraser, 'with his dog's meat tart of a magazine,' is told in Froude's *Life of Carlyle*.

ALFRED TAYLOR. Until quite recently Mr. Alfred Taylor was a familiar figure in the park on horseback. The principal part of his life had been spent at Hatchard's, and whatever of interest there was in his personality—and there was, indeed, a good deal—he himself would willingly attribute to his training and experience at 187 Piccadilly.

Mr. Taylor occupied a prominent position under both John and Thomas Hatchard, and though it is nearly thirty years since he retired to enjoy his leisure from business, his memory is still cherished by several who received his friendly attentions.

His mind was clear and his memory

excellent almost up to the end, and the writer of this little book, in which Mr. Taylor took so much interest, has sorely to regret that his friend did not live to correct the proofs and render other help which he alone was able to. He died 27 December, 1892, at 48 Victoria Road, Kensington, aged 82.

CHARLES TILT, whose imprint on tiny title-pages is familiar to many, was also an assistant in the early part of the century.

The following is taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine* :

'Sept. 28. At Bayswater, aged 64, Mr. Charles Tilt, formerly a publisher in London, but of late years a resident at Bath. A local paper speaks thus highly of him :—"Mr. Tilt was not only 'a well-known' publisher, but one whose taste, judgment, and liberality could never be questioned. The various elegant and valuable publications brought out under his care were not only very conspicuous, in their day, for artistic beauty, but were made acceptable to the public at an unwonted moderate cost. Success crowned his extensive and thoughtful enterprise, and, after some years of

devotedness to trade, he withdrew from its toil ; but not to be idle, for his business-like ability never forsook him. For a while he travelled on the Continent, abode some time in Italy, and visited Egypt and Syria. Under the modest guise of a book for 'young persons,' he published a pleasant, and, what is more, an instructive little volume entitled *The Boat and Caravan*, which gives a good and graphic account of his tour in the two last-named countries. Subsequently, Mr. Tilt took up his residence in Bath, and became connected with many of our benevolent and religious institutions ; to these he was a generous contributor, and in most cases, in their behalf, he was an active, intelligent, and indefatigable worker. How much the 'Tottenham Fund' of 2184*l.* owed to his zealous exertions is only known to those who, like himself, were deeply engaged in rearing that friendly testimonial of regard to the memory of departed worth. Of Mr. Tilt it may be said that, wherever he was located, he was known and highly esteemed as an active and most useful member of society. He filled many positions of trust, and always with great advantage to those for whom he laboured, and to whose concerns he gave his disinterested and able exertions."

'WILLIAM TUNBRIDGE. Nov. 29, 1874. At his residence, Walworth, aged 76, Mr. William

Tunbridge, assistant of Messrs. Hatchard. The deceased, who was one of the oldest and most respected members of the trade, entered the service of Mr. Hatchard fifty years and three months ago, and during the whole of this long time so acquitted himself as to gain the respect and esteem not only of the three generations of his employers, but of the whole trade. Mr. Hudson, the present head of the house, writing to the Editor of the *Bookseller*, says: "He died suddenly, but painlessly, at his home yesterday, Sunday morning. He had just passed his 76th birthday, and was here on Friday at work, though evidently failing fast, and we believe he died of old age, causing weakness of the heart. I need hardly say that he was with us to the last by his own special desire. He never recovered the loss of his only son in the spring, who was confidential clerk in a large City house trading with Brazil, where his knowledge for both fluent writing and speaking of French, German and Portuguese, secured him a very large income. Our old friend was our warehouseman, our head collector, and also kept all the collecting cash accounts, a triple responsibility which few could have borne and worked so clearly and well to the last, and which he could never give to any one else."

Bookseller, Dec. 1874.

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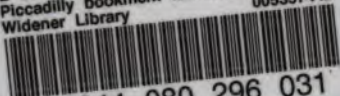
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